

# The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 58.—No. 10.

SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1880.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.  
5d. Stamped.

## WEDNESDAY NEXT.

### LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—The LAST BALLAD CONCERT.

#### LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, St JAMES'S HALL.—

WEDNESDAY next, at Eight o'clock. Artists:—Miss Mary Davies, Miss Marian McKenzie, and M<sup>me</sup> Antoinette Sterling; Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Maybrick, and Mr Santley. Pianoforte—M<sup>me</sup> Frickenhaus and Mr Henry Parker. The London Vocal Union. The programme will include the following Popular Songs:—"When the heart is young," "Time was," "Duncan Gray," "The Three Fishers," "Twenty-one," "Lillie's Good Night," "Jockey to the Fair," "The Three Singers," "The Message," "Once Again," Schubert's "Regret," "Good Company," "My Lady's Dower" (Cowen), "O Mistress mine" (Sullivan), "The Three Sailor Boys," "The Midshipmite," "The Mill Wheel." Conductors—MR SIDNEY NAYLOR, MR HENRY PARKER, and MR FRED VALLER. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Reserved Area, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s. Tickets of Mr Austin, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and at Hooley & Co.'s, 295, Regent Street.

#### MR CHARLES HALLÉ'S TWO ORCHESTRAL CON-

CERTS on TUESDAY next, March 9th (Afternoon at Three, and Evening at Eight), in ST JAMES'S HALL, on which occasion he will conduct his Orchestra of Eighty-two Performers. Programme of Morning Concert: Part I.—Overture, *Anacreon* (Cherubini); Air, "Che Parò," *Orfeo* (Gluck)—M<sup>me</sup> Patey; Couplets, "Au Brüt des Lourds Marteaux," *Philémon et Baucis* (Gounod)—Mr Santley; Symphony, No. 7, in A (Beethoven). Part II.—Symphony, in C (Schubert); Recit. and Air, "Lend me your aid," *La Reine de Saba* (Gounod)—Mr Edward Lloyd; Overture, *Euryanthe* (Weber). Programme of Evening Concert.—Part I.—Overture, *Lesnon*, No. 3 (Beethoven); Air, "Und ob die Wolke" (Weber)—Miss Lillian Bailey; Symphony, No. 2, in D (Brahms). Part II.: *Sinfonia Eroica*, No. 3, in E flat (Beethoven); Air, "Revenge, Timotheus cries," *Alexander's Feast* (Handel)—Herr Henschel; Overture, *Ruy Blas* (Mendelssohn). Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; Back of Balcony and Area, 2s. 6d.; Admission, 1s. Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street, and 15, Poultry; and Austin's, 28, Piccadilly.

#### THE BACH CHOIR.—Patron, her Majesty the QUEEN.—

FIRST CONCERT, TUESDAY, March 16, ST JAMES'S HALL, Eight o'clock. Brahms's celebrated *Requiem*, Bach's *Magnificat*, Anthem (Sir John Goss), and Palestrina's *Gloria*. Mrs Osgood, Miss Hope Glenn, Mr Shakespeare, Mr Henschel. Full Orchestra. Conductor—MR OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT. Subscription for Two Concerts, One Guinea; Single Tickets, 12s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s., and 2s. Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; usual Agents; and Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall.

#### SCHUBERT SOCIETY. President—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

Founder and Director—Herr SCHUBERT. The Prospectus for the Fourteenth Season, 1880, is now ready. Members are informed that the Arrangements for March are as follows, viz: The next Meeting for Vocal and Chamber Music Practice, Wednesday evening, March 10. The next *Soirée Musicale*, for the introduction of rising Artists and performances of new Compositions, Wednesday evening, March 24, at the Langham Hall. The next ballot for New Members is fixed for Monday, March 1. Ladies and Gentlemen desirous of joining the Society may have prospectus and full particulars on application to

H. G. HOPPER, Hon. Sec.

244, Regent Street, W.

#### MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT begs to announce that her

Annual GRAND MATINÉE MUSICALE, under Distinguished Patronage, will take place soon after Easter. Full particulars will be duly announced.—38, Oakley Square.

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#### MIGNON.

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#### THE LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY have a

VACANCY for a CONDUCTOR, in consequence of the resignation of Sir JULIUS BENEDICT. Particulars of the duties and emolument may be obtained from the Secretary, Mr HENRY SUDLOW, Philharmonic Society's Office, Orange Court, Castle Street, Liverpool.

Applications to be sent in on or before Saturday, March 27.

By Order of the Committee,

HENRY SUDLOW, Secretary and Treasurer.

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"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

#### MR HOOPER will sing Ascher's Romance, "ALICE,

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#### MDME LAURA BAXTER will sing HENRY SMART's popular

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ED. OXENFORD.

SONG.

Music by

A. REICHARDT.

Moderato.



Gen - tle swal - low, pri' - thee stay.

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## CONCERTS IN VIENNA.\*

Benno Schönberger, a pianist who attracted favourable notice at one of Hellmesberger's Quartet *Soirées*, has now given in the small room of the Musical Association a concert (with orchestra) of his own. This youngest and most rosy of our Vienna pianovirtuosos, is an instance of very early and yet thoroughly trained talent, for whom considerable successes are, perhaps, reserved. Particularly effective is his resonant touch, the vigorous energy of which betrays Door's school. Herr Schönberger exhibited, moreover, sweetness of expression and considerable facility of execution for the display of which Reinecke's F sharp minor Concerto, a genuine pianoforte piece, afforded him abundant opportunities. We cannot well praise the originality of the composition, the entire first movement in which has a Mendelssohnian sound, while the *finale*, even in the leading theme, reminds the hearer strongly of Schumann. The most original and attractive movement is the *Adagio*, which breathes a spirit of romance, and which furthermore, thanks to a happy interchange of instruments, is marked by effective gradations of light and shade. Herr Schönberger triumphed with much spirit over the difficulties of Chopin's F minor Fantasia, the passionate anguish of which can hardly, however, be understood and conveyed to others by one so young. Herr Schönberger's time, also, for rendering his own compositions has scarcely come. He played an original trifle, a "Song without Words," and played it, too, like everything else, from the notes. It strikes us as indispensable that he should soon accustom himself to play from memory. An interesting number in the programme (a programme by no means of an every day description) were two "German Dances" of Beethoven's, arranged by Seiss. So, and not otherwise, to our thinking, should they be announced in the programme; the affected laconicism of "German Dances, by Beethoven-Seiss;" "Invitation to the Dance, by Weber-Tausig;" "Gavotte, by Gluck-Bülow," &c., is as incorrect as it is in bad taste. Herr Schönberger's concert attracted a numerous audience, who were liberal of their applause, a portion of which they bestowed on a young lady, Mdlle Töpfer, to mark their approval of the way in which she sang the songs set down for her.

The fifth Philharmonic Concert began with a Symphony by Mozart, which figured in the programme with the strange notification taken from the old Breitkopf edition: "No. 7, Op. 22." How far was Mozart beyond this opus-number in the year 1779, when he composed the No. 7 Symphony, as it is styled! It originally consisted of seven movements, and was written for some festive occasion as a Serenade, being entered as such (No. 320) in Köchel's Catalogue. Three of the seven serenade-movements, subsequently condensed into a "Symphony," were played under the latter title at the Philharmonic Concert. Harmony, freshness, and perspicuity accompany the work, like genuine Mozartean genii, from beginning to end. In pregnant individuality, in richness of fancy, and in contrapuntal mastery, the present symphony cannot be compared with the master's greatest specimens (G minor, E flat major, and C major) of the same kind. The first two movements especially contain a great deal which has now become for us empty formulas, mere musical expressions; more original and more significant is the *finale*, a vigorous, fluent *Presto*, in *Alla breve* time, which did not fail to produce its usual re-reshing effect. Two sacred airs followed, one by Sebastian Bach ("Mein gläubiges Herz frohlocke") and one by Handel (from the oratorio of *Samson*), both sung by Mad. Schuch-Proska. It is astonishing what so tender a little voice can go through. Arriving from Dresden at noon on Saturday, Mad. Schuch immediately attended the orchestral rehearsal; sang in the evening, at the Imperial Operahouse, Philine in *Mignon*; took part on Sunday morning in the Philharmonic Concert; and again sang in the evening at the Opera, where she appeared as Norina in *Don Pasquale*. Though sincerely delighted that an eminent singer should be so sought after, we cannot resist advising Mad. Schuch, in a friendly way, to spare herself a little. Such helter-skelter rapidity can prove only injurious to her voice and not calculated to improve, at any rate, what she does. At the Philharmonic Concert, for instance, her voice was remarked to be somewhat fatigued, a fact revealed, among other things, by the final shake being pitched somewhat too low. However delicately finished her rendering of the two airs may have appeared—Handel and Bach

are certainly not the composers calculated for placing Mad. Schuch's qualities in the most favourable light. They require greater tone, and a broader, more vigorous style than she is able to give us. Her actual success was, notwithstanding, most brilliant.

Raff's spun-out symphony, "Im Walde," brought this not particularly felicitous concert to a close. We first became acquainted with it many years since under Dessoff's direction, and are as little able now as we were then to feel enthusiastic about it. In a work of this kind, laboriously excogitated with such refined cleverness, and scored with such virtuosity, we miss far too keenly the substantial, musical core. The enormous extension given to the symphony and its instrumental luxuriousness are out of all proportion to its niggardly amount of musical ideas. Perhaps, of the different movements the first is that to which people may most easily take a liking, because, in addition to its dazzling orchestral effects, great and small, it is, to a certain extent, constructed according to symphonic rule and character. But, the more we listen, the more rampant become the obtrusively glittering details, the insatiable tone-painting, and the overloading everything with instrumentation, which hardly allows us to know what it really is which is ornamented. For this reason, we absolutely cannot see the "Wood" in Raff's symphony on account of the flowers. The hearer, fatigued by the first three movements, is at last tortured by the fourth beyond all reasonable limit. This *finale* has the somewhat long-winded heading: "Night. The Forest buried in the Stillness of Night. Approach and Departure of the Wild Huntsmen with Frau Holle and Wotan. Break of Day." The composer works out this poetic task with fearful conscientiousness; he plunges us into a very kaleidoscope of tone-colours and poetic pictures; he paints and poetises so much, so vividly, and so long, that at last, what with poetry and what with painting, we do not know what is music.

EDUARD HANSLICK.

## DOCE UT DISCAS!

FRA ANGELO!

Hast never heard of "printer's error?"

"Boito here nothing in the world." What, oh Angelo! would printer make of this unpunctuate phrase of thine, on halfpenny offside?—what but that, like the Frenchman, who was nothing, not even Academician, the Italian is nothing, not even author of *Mefistofele*?

The catamaran is a woodlog of the brine. What then? *Boito ne boite pas*. The Street of Regent is central. Many bridges span the fiahless artery. "244" exacts no toll.

"Guadalquivir"—certainly. *Quid tum?* Hast never heard of printer's error? Thy "quiver" here is ill bestowed. Who that has bathed in that river, as I, with Gonzalvo of Cordova, and iced with Carmen at the *neveria* (after "Angelus"—O Angelo!), as I and Prosper Merimée, could write "quiver" for "quvir"? Yet, *quimerista* as thou art, thou wilt admit that "quiver" rhymes with "river," which "quvir" does not. Go to!

Paesiello is right, Paisiello wrong. Pergolese is right. *Va!* How about Piccini and Piccinni? *Les deux se disent*, exclaimed the dying and lying (in bed) grammarian. "Gye in Hamburg for Nero nothing in the world." Again thine own phrase unpunctuate on halfpenny offside, which can only be translated—*Gye having gone to Hamburg for Nero, has gone to Hamburg for nothing in the world.* What will Hans—

"that sunless man in Sheffield"—

say to this? Ware Hans! The fact thou wouldst insinuate is that Mr Gye has gone to Hamburg to judge for himself whether Nero will do for Covent Garden. That he has gone *motu proprio*, as the King of Italy went for Schira and the King of the Belgians for Joachim, is more than probable—not "*moto proprio*," which thou know'st I know as well as thou know'st thou know'st. Read the 71st chapter of the *Voyage du jeune Anacharsis*, and don't confound Anacharsis with Anastasius. "*Tout vient (à point) à qui, &c.*" True. *Un gigot cuit à point* is the likeliest bill of fare. But—but, *qu'est ce (que vous en savez?)* Adieu! Fra Angelo. Hie to thy truckle bed, and learn that Mr Gye has been at Brussels.

E. Querr.

\* From the *Neue Freie Presse*.

\* "Wald," "Wood" or "Forest." "Waldsymphonie," "Sylvan Symphony," "Wood-Symphony," "Forest Symphony."—J. V. B.



## THE POPULAR CONCERTS.

It would be a libel upon last Monday's audience to suppose for a moment that they went away from St James's Hall in other than a mood of "measureless content." The programme of the evening was so full of variety and interest, and the performance, from first to last, so masterly, that no room could be found, even in the corners of the most angular mind, for lurking dissatisfaction. Indeed, a good many of the amateurs present were too well pleased, and the fact will give occasion for remark further on. The concert began with Mozart's Divertimento in B flat for the ordinary quartet of strings, supplemented by a double-bass and two French horns. This work, as compared with others of its class, is a favourite in St. James's Hall, having now been played there seven times. Against its right to enjoy such good fortune we have not a single word to say. Few compositions attributable to the period when Mozart was in the flush of youth and hope more beautifully set forth the charm of his genius, and no honour, therefore, can be too great for it. Only one criticism may, without presumption, be ventured upon, which is that, while in the *adagio* the horns are silent, they are nowhere employed so as to make the most of their individuality. The sustained notes of these instruments, blending perfectly with those of the strings, add much to the charm of the *ensemble*, but it is impossible to hear the work without feeling conscious of a wish that the horns, so full of character, might sometimes come out from the background of accompaniment and take a prominent place. They were played in admirable style and taste on Monday night by Messrs Mann and Standen, who, as on former occasions, were worthily associated with their brethren of the strings, Messrs Joachim, Ries, Zerbini, Piatti, and Reynolds. Herr Joachim "led" the performance in a special sense, because the first violin is, almost throughout, exceptionally prominent and important. How he did so may be imagined, but though the exercise of imagination on such a topic is easy, that of speech, in the way of definition, is the reverse. Temptation invariably arises to say, when Herr Joachim has played Mozart, that he plays Mozart better than he does any other master, and utterance is only checked from becoming ludicrous by the thought that the same has been predicated of him on equally good grounds with regard to Bach and Haydn and Beethoven. But one may act absurdly here with a good grace. When a man's eyes are dazzled by the radiance from one facet of a diamond, it is pardonable for him to think that no other could send forth such a flood of light. Turning to the general subject of Mozart's Divertimento, the fact is worthy of remark that Dr von Köchel's invaluable catalogue of the master's works mentions no fewer than eighteen compositions of this class, mostly attributable to the Salzburg period of Mozart's career, since the date of the latest is 1779. Of the eighteen, Mr Arthur Chappell has produced four, leaving fourteen—or, say, twelve, inasmuch as one or two are incomplete—for future use. It happens that a majority of the remaining Divertimentos are written for various combinations of wind instruments only, and this, no doubt, is an obstacle in the way of their production. But we should be sorry to regard it as insurmountable. An *entrepreneur* might very well put himself to extraordinary trouble for the sake of Mozart, and Mr Arthur Chappell is not the man to shut his eyes upon the fact that every note of the great composer's chamber-music should be heard at the Popular Concerts. We have lately had a boyish quartet of Mendelssohn's put before us, and very properly. If we go almost to Mendelssohn's cradle, that not one of his juvenile utterances be lost, much more should we take pains to possess those of the greater master in his prime. But, putting aside the Divertimentos for wind instruments alone, there are four as yet unheard in which strings are used—one in E flat for quartet, clarinets, and horns; one in D, for a trio of strings, bassoon, and horns; another in D, for quartet, oboe, and horns; and one in F, for quartet and horns simply. The precise merit of these works we need not calculate. Mozart has a right to be taken upon trust, and his shortcomings, not less than his fullest achievements, are part of a life that should be known exhaustively.

The only other concerted piece in the programme was Beethoven's familiar Trio in E flat (Op. 70) for pianoforte (Herr Barth), violin (Herr Joachim), and violoncello (Signor Piatti.) Its position at the end caused this masterpiece to be heard disadvantageously, owing to the departure of many of the audience. Under no conceivable circumstances, perhaps, would Mr Chappell's patrons sit out an entire concert; but we are not disposed to join in indiscriminate pelting with hard words of those who leave early. London is a large place; egress from St James's Hall is a tedious process; the programme is drawn up with a liberal hand, and encores are much too freely demanded and conceded. It often happens, when enthusiastic amateurs on the back benches express displeasure at the flight of the "stalls," that they themselves have caused their own annoyance, by unduly lengthening the proceedings. On Monday

night, for example, both Herr Joachim and Herr Barth were compelled to play an extra solo, while only the resistance of some sensible persons among the audience prevented a like obligation being laid upon Herr Henschel. Clearly the people who thus increase an already sufficient demand upon time and attention have no right to be surprised when others object in the only practical manner left open to them. It would be well if encores were absolutely abolished at the Popular Concerts. They are the outcome of sheer selfishness, since they are not really encores, but demands for a second piece, and the consequences flowing from them are as objectionable as their cause. The solos which elicited the so-called encores on Monday were, for Herr Barth, a selection from twenty-eight variations on a theme by Paganini, the work of Brahms; and, for Herr Joachim, the great Chaconne of Bach, frequently played by him with ever-increasing power and effect. Brahms's Variations were a novelty at these concerts, and, therefore, commanded a certain amount of attention. We must decline to regard them in the light of a revelation. By means of his Variations for four hands on a theme of Schumann, two orchestral Variations on a melody of Haydn, and the Variations on a Handelian subject for pianoforte solo, Brahms was already known as a master of that form of composition. The work introduced by Herr Barth tells us nothing more, and it is, perhaps, not necessary for any composer to go beyond the strict line of demonstration in this matter. In point of musical interest, and apart from considerations of mere constructive cleverness, the Variations played by Herr Barth will not greatly increase the repute of their author. A few are charming, but the majority do little save illustrate the accumulation of difficulties to which modern "virtuosity" invites composers who are in the mood for nothing higher. Herr Barth accomplished well a task none the less arduous because self-imposed. He played with freedom and accuracy, showing the perfect command of the key-board which the nature of his theme made a *sine quâ non*. How his efforts were rewarded has already appeared. Herr Joachim's performance of the Chaconne, though annual, like the appearance of buds and flowers, may equally, with the bursting forth of natural life, be styled a yearly miracle. The danger in the one case, as in the other, is that we shall come to regard the achievement as a matter of course, and be induced by its apparent ease to underrate the marvel. Certainly Herr Joachim, in performing Bach's *ne plus ultra*, conveys an impression akin to that on the Irishman's mind, when he said that, never having tried, he was not sure whether he could or could not perform upon Herr Joachim's instrument. Under some such idea, perhaps, Phaeton laboured on seeing how Apollo drove the horses of the sun, and when taking the reins into his own inexperienced hands. Phaeton, by his catastrophe, magnified the skill of Apollo, but no one has yet been found bold enough to do the same for Herr Joachim. Hence we are left to the delusive effect of the artist's own masterfulness, and have, at best, but a vague notion of the art which his art so well conceals.

Herr Henschel was the vocalist of the evening, and sang, very well indeed, Handel's recitative, "Tyrannic Love," and air, "Ye verdant hills" (*Susannah*), following on with his own song, "Father's Lullaby," and Tieck's "So willst du des Armen." The lullaby—a little risky in point of sentiment—is treated with the happiness Herr Henschel invariably displays when engaged upon a lugubrious subject; while both it and Tieck's song were given in excellent style, to the able accompaniment of Mr Zerbini.—D. T.

## THE WATER-FALL.\*

The sunshine flecked the rocky path	Again they came : the Autumn rain
They trod the Fall to view :	Had made the stream rejoice ;
The grass was sere beneath their feet,	From far they heard the silence stirred
The summer sky was blue.	By the glad river's voice.
A land of rivers and of hills !	It swept along, it hid the rock
But in its channel bed	With wreaths of drifted snow,
The streamlet slept, and lo ! the Fall	And flung itself, with mighty shock,
Had dwindled to a thread !	Into the gulf below.

Among the heather-bloom they stood,  
And hare-bells bowed with rain ;  
And thought upon the gloomy skies  
That thus had wrought them gain.  
"And oh," said they, "the darkest day  
Is not the most forlorn :  
And cloudy skies and tearful eyes  
May richer make the morn."

\* Copyright.

JETTY VOGEL.

## ON A NEW NOVEL.

The ideal reader,—who was always being taken aside, as it were, and was consulted and appealed to by the writer on every possible occasion,—is a creature of the past, is, in fact, as dead and gone as stage-coaches and the eightpenny post. He was worth acknowledging, was that reader. He would take a book on trust because it had managed to get into print. If a work were recommended to him by anyone, he would read it as a duty; and if a book were praised by the reviewers,—oh! then he began at the beginning, and read it straight through, headings to chapters and all.

He allowed himself to be preached at, for in those days authors wrote didactically, and in the middle of an interesting scene would treat you to pages of their own opinions. Writers were nothing, too, if not classical. Their characters never made short speeches. They were deeply deferential to one another. The heroines courted themselves out of your presence, and the heroes approached you hat in hand. These same heroes would reply to their chosen damsels after this manner

"Not so, fair maid"—he ventured to suggest, a flush suffusing his noble brow."

Fair maids and flushes and noble brows have gone out with the ideal reader. The reader of the present is quite another being. First catch him. Then you must have cooked for him, or he will turn away from you with contempt. You see so many are after him. Writers pursue him like the hunters the fox, and almost in the same ratio, only he is coaxed and baited instead of driven. Hold up a new book by a new author, and he retreats a pace or two. Suppose him in one of the great lending libraries. An assistant recommends a new novel. "A great run upon it already." He looks suspiciously for the author's name at the back. "He doesn't know that name." He puts the volume to his usual test; should it bear that, perhaps he may think of looking at it. This test is to open the book successively at different places, and to skim a page. If he is sufficiently interested to turn over after each of the five or six pages, then the book may be considered to have passed its examination. Should he not care, in each case, to see what comes next, it is "plucked"—he rejects it. So that authors who depend mainly upon plot and the development of character must get at their readers by other means,—they have not baited their trap.

Just now readers will find,—lying on the library counters, perhaps,—an innocent-looking little green volume with a pictured weed wreathed on the cover. The title at the back is *Ill Weeds*. They will most likely open it in the middle, that being their usual way. They will begin to read:—

"The first floor was tenanted by a young and lively bachelor named Slocum. His room was ornamented with sundry bird-cages, and the floor garnished with rabbit-hutches; but as the proprietor was much from home, the inhabitants of the cages and hutches often went 'short commons,' as the jovial Slocum called it. 'Serves 'em right, the greedy beggars; they shouldn't eat their wittles all up to wunst,' was the reply of young Slocum, when his friend Tom ventured to remonstrate with him for keeping his feathered family without food. 'But they don't know any better,' argued Tom. 'Well, that'll teach 'em eventually,' replied Joe.

"It will be seen that Mr Slocum was a bit of a philosopher, and we may venture to assert, was also a 'hard case.' Many had tried to tackle Joe, but generally came off second best. It was well remembered in the court how he had vanquished 'Old Blue Lights,' as the Rev. Jasper Peewit was familiarly called. One Sunday after church the Rev. Peewit happened to call on Mrs Gullick, to know the reason why her eldest son, Bill, had not been to Sunday school, when he heard dancing, laughing, and shouting, on the floor above.

"Bless me! Mrs Gullick, some one is on the road to perdition, who is it making that ungodly noise on a Sabbath?" queried the Rev. Jasper. "Oh, it's only Joe Slocum; he always enjoys himself on a Sunday, but he never gets drunk afore six o'clock, so he aint so bad as he might be," replied Mrs Gullick. "Let me wrestle with that sinner, ma'am; he's on the brink of perdition, and I must try to save him." "No, he aint on perdition, he's on the bed; I see him rolling on it when I took up his baccor," responded the youthful Bill. "Oh, don't go for to wrestle with him," implored Mrs Gullick, "Joe's a rough customer if he's interfered with." "I shall not shrink from my duty, ma'am," said the Rev. Peewit, with Spartan firmness, mounting the stairs, and rapping at the door."

Here the reader involuntarily turns over.

"It was opened by the occupant, who took in at a glance the personelle of his visitor. The reverend gentleman cast his eyes around

and beheld a familiar spirit of Mr Slocum's, who was evidently acting as umpire in a dispute between a brace of small bantam cocks, whose ire about nothing he had been at great pains to excite. Several pewter pots of reputed imperial measure, and sundry broken clay pipes in various degrees of longitude, added to the confusion, if not to the effect, of the scene, and determined the Rev. Jasper Peewit to administer a severe reprimand.

"Really, Mr Slocum, I am ashamed and astonished to hear such a noise on the Sabbath. Have you no respect for the Lord's Day? Why not come to church and be respectable? Satan has his jaws open ready to devour sinners like you. I believe you do not try to be good." "Who's to pay me for being good, I should like to know? Am I to make anything by it? That's the question," responded the heathen Joe, in a sulky tone. "Oh, Joe," said the Rev. Peewit, in his most solemn tones, "I am ashamed to hear such sentiments. 'Who is to pay you for being good?' Don't you know that virtue is its own reward?" "Is it?" asked the unbelieving Joe, with a look of withering contempt. "Virtue may be its own reward to some people, but for my part I prefer a more 'stantial recompense.' 'Ah, Joe, I expected better things from a respectable young man,' said the rev. monitor, trying what a little oil would do in lieu of vinegar; but it had no softening result on the obdurate Joe, who blurted forth—"Did yer? Then it serves yer right for letting yer 'magination run wild. Blessed is them that don't expect nothink, for then they wont get no disappointments. There, old stick-in-the-mud, there's a bit of larnin' for yer; and now turn out, unless yer care to stay and see them there cocks have a set-to. Yer can study human nater here for nothink, for them cocks is jest like Christians, the little ones is allers the pluckiest. The big ones aint got no fight in 'em, but they'd soot you better, bein' members of the peace society. Yer'd better stop and see the fight, Old Blue Lights, and take a pull at the pewter."

"I think I will take this," says the reader, and goes off with the book under his arm.

When he begins at the beginning, he finds himself introduced to two lads, who are wandering about the parks on a cold winter's day. These, by some mishap, fall through the ice, are rescued, and invited into a wealthy house by the butler of the establishment, who saw the accident. The elder of the two boys is the son of an educated man in bad circumstances. The butler takes a fancy to this lad, and places him at the boarding-school where his own son is being educated. The description of the school in question, Pegfern Hall, and of its inmates, is graphic and humorous. No less so is that of the charity-school where Fred. Alleyne, the butler's protégé, is taught to hate the beautiful virtue so pitifully burlesqued in the institution by its administrators. While Fred. is raised in the social scale by his education being paid for, Tom, his friend (the younger lad), remains a "charity brat," and obtains a prize for an essay on the "Guinea Pig"—which composition is too characteristic to be omitted.

"The Guinea, Pig is a useful, animal: its food is, pollard and, parsley; when he can, get it, but he will eat, almost, anything. He is just like a rabbit, because, he's got a furry coat; but he's got no tail, and very little ears, so he isn't, like, a rabbit, a bit. He, must, onct, have been a very expensive, animal, by his name; but now, they can be, had, for, fourpence a pair, if you buy the, young, ones; and Thats All."

The philanthropic butler lives with a rich banker, a Mr Clentworth. This gentleman's beautiful little daughter, Olga, saw the two boys when they were brought to the house, but was too proud to speak to them. Pride, indeed, is this young lady's besetting sin, which is conquered by her meeting and falling desperately in love with a young and successful poet, who happens to be the very boy she despised. The crooked course of their "true love" is the theme of the story: but it would be unfair to the authoress to divulge her plot, which is an intricate one. The tale, which abounds in clever character sketches boldly dashed upon the paper, comes to a happy ending.

We may fairly congratulate Mdme Foli, to whom we owe an eminently readable volume, upon what appears to be her second published work. That *Ill Weeds* was written some years ago is to be gathered by allusions to passing events of the period; and that still better things are to be expected at the writer's hands is no less evident. Mdme Foli has great natural gifts, quick and sensitive perception of character and scenes, and the power to reproduce them. She should be a prolific writer, and yet not be "written out," for her text-book is the inexhaustible book of Nature; real, actual life.

ASTON LEIGH.

## MUSIC IN GLASGOW.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Since writing to you last week there have been two glorious concerts in Glasgow. Let me briefly indicate their leading features. The first took place on Wednesday, when Mr Charles Hallé and his celebrated Manchester band (Mdmé Norman-Néruda, solo violinist, Mr Hallé, solo pianist) presented an unusually attractive programme, the chief items of which were:—Weber's overture to *Euryanthe*; Vieuxtemps' Violin Concerto in E (Mdmé Néruda and orchestra); Spohr's Symphony, *The Power of Sound*; Weber's "Concertstück" (Mr Charles Hallé and orchestra); and Auber's overture to *La Sirène*. The St Andrew's Hall's large concert-room was handsomely filled by a very large and appreciative audience, whose members were no sluggards in the matter of applause. First let me speak of Mdmé Néruda's playing, which was distinctly the feature of the evening. Vieuxtemps as a violinist I have always admired; when he comes, however, to set down in writing his individual ideas, there may be a difference of opinion as to what they are worth, as well as to the manner in which they are carried out. Not that I have one single word to say against M. Vieuxtemps' compositions. *Au contraire*, he has written much sound music which enables executants to show off their command over many difficulties. Mdmé Néruda's splendid playing of the two movements from the E major Concerto was a triumph of marvellous execution. What need be said regarding Mr Hallé's interpretation of Weber's "Concertstück"—except that it was worthy of a great artist? The rest of the programme does not demand detailed reference. Mdmé Néruda, however, on account of severe indisposition, omitted the last piece set down for her and Mr Hallé—the *Andante con Variazioni* from Beethoven's celebrated "Kreutzer Sonata."

The opening of the *Euryanthe* overture was not remarkable for absolute steadiness, but in quick time Mr Hallé pulled his forces together, and then all went well. Spohr's *Power of Sound* from first to last, was most satisfactorily played. The "Martial Music" (third movement of the work) sounded ashade "pronounced"; not so, however, the second movement, with its "Cradle Song," "The Dance," and "The Serenade." The audience, during the long performance of this very remarkable symphony, was most decorously attentive, and at its close Mr Hallé and his Band received quite an ovation. This speaks well for the growing appreciation of classical music in our "City of the West." Anyone listening to Mdmé Néruda's glorious playing could not have imagined that she was suffering from serious indisposition. Yet, so it was, and Mr Hallé, in a few sentences, explained that the fair violinist's illness had suddenly become worse, and begged the audience to excuse the omission of the *andante* from the "Kreutzer Sonata." The whole concert was a marked success, and all were obviously pleased with the result—conductor, members of the band, and audience alike.

The other fine concert referred to was a so-called "operatic concert," at which appeared Mdmé Ilma di Murska and Mdmé Marie Roze. Mdmé Ilma di Murska was in exceptionally fine voice, and sang with such an amount of *verve* and correctness of intonation Meyerbeer's "Shadow Song," that the audience became enthusiastic and boldly insisted on an *encore*. The Hungarian artist then gave "Within a mile of Edinboro' town." Gounod's "Ave Maria" was interpreted with an amount of quiet dignity and perfect intonation which I had not anticipated from an artist whose reputation has been so closely allied with pure *bravura* music. After her singing of Gounod's movement, Mdmé di Murska was re-called amid much enthusiasm; not content with this, her admirers insisted on her re-appearance, when she gave Rossini's "Una voce poco fa." Yet again the audience was not content; again a warm re-call: but a re-call would not satisfy her admirers; they wanted substantial results from their pronounced appreciation of her splendid vocalisation. Thus was she induced to sing for a double *encore* "The Last Rose of Summer," as arranged by Flotow in his opera *Marta*. Not less successful was Mdmé Marie Roze, who sang with great effect Meyerbeer's "Robert toi que j'aime," which deservedly secured an *encore*, when "Coming thro' the rye" was given with a true notion of the sly fun of the "pauky" Scotch ballad. The French soprano also sang Gounod's "There is a green hill far away," and as an award for that was forced to give "Robin Adair." The concert was well supported by Mdlle Darelli, Mdlle Sacconi, Signor Leli, Signor Susini, and Mr Carleton, Professor Hill acting as accompanist.

MUSIC.—Herr Nachbaur, whose engagement at the Theatre Royal expires next year, has given notice that he does not intend to renew it.

\* So it ought—more than a shade.—W. D. D.

## AN ITALIAN CRITIC ON JOACHIM.

The subjoined notice of Joseph Joachim's third and last concert at Milan, where he has been received with genuine enthusiasm, appeared in the musical column ("Corriere Artistico") of the *Perseveranza*:—

"ULTIMO CONCERTO DI G. JOACHIM.

"La folla, la valentia di Joachim, la bellezza dei pezzi da questo suonati, anche insieme ai signori Bonawitz, De Angelis, Cernicchiaro e Mattioli, l'entusiasmo destato, le grida di *bravo!*—sono quasi indicibili. Giuseppe Joachim ieri sera ci lasciava. Fra l'uditorio, maestri di grido e artisti di canto. C'erano il Bazzini, il Boito, il Ponchielli, il Marchetti, il Faccio, il Ronchetti-Monteviti, ed altri. Fra le artiste, la signora Stolz e la signora De Retszke. Tanta la folla che il palco della sala del Conservatorio era anch'esso affollato, e affollato di gentili dame persino il gabinetto che mette al palco. Molte signore della nostra aristocrazia vollero intervenire anche all'ultimo memorabile concerto Joachim. Le carrozze erano innumerabili; l'ampio cortile del Conservatorio, la piazzetta della Passione, parte della via Conservatorio e parte delle strade vicine n'erano piene. Gli umili pedoni dovevano passare a stento fra una carrozza e l'altra col pericolo di rimanerne schiacciati. Il desiderio di sentire Joachim raggiunse un tal grado che molti, persino, non potendo entrare nell'affollatissima sala, rimasero fuori, al freddo, coll'orecchio ai cristalli dei finestroni della sala, pur di afferrare al volo qualche nota divina.

"E Joachim suonò anche ieri sera divinamente. Nella prima sera egli ci scosse, nella seconda divertì moltissimo, nella terza sera ienebriò. Il pezzo, che chiameremo PEZZO PRINCIPE, quello che da Giuseppe Joachim venne suonato in modo unico e che sollevò più vivo entusiasmo di tutti, fu la CHACONNE di Bach. E' un pezzo elevatissimo, vereno, tutto ispirazione, nel quale senti un grande spirito che sale alto: è uno dei tanti pezzi divini che Bach scriveva imperturbato, coll'anima piena di Dio, in mezzo alla povertà e ai suoi venti figli. Il violinista Joachim ne rese la bellezza, ne superò le difficoltà; ci fece sentire, quasi diremmo, profondamente nell'animo la voce ispirata di Bach. L'uditorio voleva il bis: e Joachim sudato, commosso, si presentò allora di nuovo al pubblico eseguendo un minuetto e una Gavotte leggiadrisimi.

"I giovani G. De Angelis, Cernicchiaro, violinisti, e il giovane violoncellista L. Mattioli devono segnare la data di ieri fra le più belle della loro vita artistica. Non sempre si può far parte d'un quartetto nel quale suona un Joachim. Questo esegui, accompagnato da loro, il quartetto in *re maggiore* di Haydn e il quartetto in *do maggiore* di Beethoven, il cui secondo tempo anzitutto, l'andante, ci parve così ricco di sovrane bellezze che nulla più.—Anche i signori De Angelis, il Cernicchiaro e il Mattioli ebbero plauso. Quando il pubblico batteva fragorosamente le mani, Joachim li pigliava per mano e dicendo: *venite tutti!*—li trascinava con sé a ringraziarli e plaudenti. Il pianista Bonawitz accompagnò Joachim nella straziante sonata in *la minore* dello Schumann, e anch'esso non sfuggì certo alla generale attenzione."

[We would especially call attention to the lines displayed in italics. Who shall now dare to say that the country which gave birth to Domenico Scarlatti, and with open arms and hearts welcomed Handel ("Il Sassone") and the boy Mozart, cannot sympathize with, appreciate, and understand the Thuringian giant, John Sebastian Bach? True, the "Open Sesame" of Joachim is irresistible. Doors give way, the artist of artists enters with a headful of Bach and Beethoven, and the rest may be imagined.—D. B.]

## BRUSSELS.

(Correspondence.)

Albani's engagement at the Théâtre de la Monnaie has been brilliantly successful, and the favourable impression created by her appearance on the first night as Lucia in Donizetti's opera of the same name has been more than confirmed by every subsequent performance. So great, indeed, has been her triumph, that she consented to prolong her engagement till to-day, the 5th inst., when she takes her leave as Marguerite in *Faust*.

Señor Sarasate achieved a great success at the last Popular Concert. The public were not fascinated by some of the pieces selected, namely: Max Bruch's second "Violin Concerto" and the Prelude, Minuet, and Finale from Raff's "Suite" for the same instrument; but they were delighted with the executant. The "Spanish Airs," added to the programme in response to the applause and "encore" after Raff's composition, pleased the audience vastly, and the enthusiasm knew no bounds.—Herr Gustav Genée's *Cadet de Marine*, the French version by Gustav Lagye, has been drawing good houses at the Fantaisies Parisiennes.



## CARL ROSA'S OPERA COMPANY.

Since our last there has been nothing new. The favourite operas of the season have been counted upon as sufficient attraction, and, seeing that the house has been full night after night—not unfrequently crowded—with solid reason. The two *bona fide* novelties, the *Taming of the Shrew* and *Aida*, in English, have both been successful. As we predicted, the charming work of the late Herrman Goetz has completely won the public ear and bids fair to rank among the most popular features of the repertory. So true is this that even after the departure of Miss Minnie Hawk, the original Katharine in London as at Berlin, an extra performance of the *Taming of the Shrew* was given on Monday, with Miss Julia Gaylord as the heroine. Although the part is not precisely suited either to the physical means or mental idiosyncrasy of that clever and versatile young lady, there was very much in her performance to commend, and while, in certain situations that readily suggest themselves, Miss Gaylord comparatively failed, she atoned for this wherever the gentler attributes of the character are exhibited. The defiant Katharine, Katharine the “shrew,” was not in her artistic nature; but the conquered Katharine, Katharine the loving and obedient wife, was all there; and as such, Miss Gaylord obtained general acceptance. Moreover, having played in the opera on several occasions during Mr Rosa's last “provincial” tour, she was thoroughly conversant with the music, and, therefore, possessed one very important requirement. On Wednesday what may be cited, on the whole, as a very effective representation of Verdi's *Travatore* introduced a *débutante*, Mad. Telma (Mrs Walsham, if we are not mistaken), in the trying part of Leonora. Mad. Telma has a capable voice of pleasing quality united to considerable intelligence; but she would have done more wisely, if less ambitiously, had she attempted a less high flight, selecting for so special an occasion something more legitimately within her means. She met with fair encouragement, however, and will be heard of again with satisfaction. Mr Joseph Maas was the Manrico, and as for the greater part the music comes quite within the compass of, and is otherwise well suited to his beautiful voice. His singing met with more than ordinary approval. His delivery of the address to Leonora (*Italice*—“Ah si ben mio”), in the Bridal scene, was impeccable, and equally so Manrico's soliloquy in the fortress (*Italice*—“Ah che la morte”), which had naturally a good deal to say to the encore insisted upon for the “Miserere.” In fact, Mr Maas is making sensible progress in the estimation of the well judging public. He is already a singer, and, with his undoubted intelligence, there is no evident reason why he should not become an actor in the bargain. Mr Ludwig was an excellent Count di Luna, winning the customary encore for “The tempest of the heart” (*Il balen del suo sorriso*), and Miss Josephine Yorke a zealously demonstrative Azucena. Mr Snazelle, in the smaller part of Ferrando, proved, as always, fully competent. That not only Signor Randegger, the conductor, but the chorus and orchestra Mr Carl Rosa has at disposal, would be thoroughly at home with such familiar music, may be taken for granted. Among other operas recently much in vogue is Sir Julius Benedict's *Lily of Killarney*, which on Saturday night, when the composer himself, who received a hearty welcome from the entire audience, directed the performance, again drew a crowded house. The cast was as before. The season terminates this evening. The chosen opera is *Mignon*, and Mr Carl Rosa, who, though he some time since returned from Nice, with re-invigorated health, has not yet appeared in the orchestra, will, it is expected, himself occupy the conductor's chair. A brief retrospective view of the too-short season must be reserved for our next.—*Graphic*.

No sooner finished in London than off to the country. Mr Carl Rosa allows himself and his company no rest. They must needs delight musical England with their performances pretty well all the year round.

MEININGEN.—The dramatic company of the Ducal Theatre are engaged to perform in July at the Theatre in Amsterdam.

STUTTGART.—Professor Wilhelm Spidel has been appointed by the members of the Palatinate Singers' Association conductor at their sixth festival at Ludwigshafen.

NAPLES.—Sig. Del Ré's *Manfredo di Svevia*, recently produced at the Fondo, was a failure. Shortly after its production the manager became insolvent, and the theatre was closed.

## PROVINCIAL MUSICIANS.

(To the Editor of the “Musical World.”)

SIR,—The disappointment expressed by Mr D. Baptie in your last number, at the silence of Somersetshire musicians to the appeal, made by him in a previous letter, for information concerning composers of their country, provokes the remark that blame rests somewhat with him. Had he excited interest, by calling upon them to set forth the claims for distinction possessed by writers of their district, he would doubtless have received abundant response, but as the inquiry referred to those whose reputation was chiefly of a local nature, he could scarcely expect to call forth much research or enthusiasm. Surely, if the finger of time quickly rubs out big metropolitan and national names, the small repute of a village genius, or town worthy, must vanish like flowers “born to blush unseen,” and die without wide regret. I fear Mr Baptie will not find any enthusiast to play the part of “Old Mortality.” Indeed, the name washed away from the bard's gravestone, by winter rains, rarely needs re-cutting. Were I asked to speak of celebrated Somerset composers, my memory would at once supply such names as the Lodgers, the Linleys, and the Fields. Bath, for many a year, was the most renowned of all provincial cities for musical resident professors, and Wells fostered composers like Creighton, who wrote for the church. Although born and bred in Somersetshire, I never heard, in connection with music, the names of the Broderips, Biggs, Brooks, or Bryan, before I saw them in Mr Baptie's letter. I knew Mr Windsor well in the years 1849 and 1850. He was connected with the “Bath Harmonic Society,” by whom his glees and harmonised airs were often performed, and I have had the pleasure of singing in them under his personal superintendence. About the same time Mr J. Miller, Mr K. Pyne, the present organist of the Abbey Church, and Mr Bianchi Taylor, wrote glees for the Society, many of which are published. The latter gentleman, recently deceased, distinguished himself by his ability as a writer, conductor, and singer. Should Mr Baptie enlarge the sphere of his inquiries so as to include those who, starting with local renown, gained metropolitan and national fame, he will stimulate the healthy pride of birthplace, and provoke emulation amongst provincial musicians to put to the front the men who best deserve the honour of being the foremost of their native counties. I am, sir, yours, &c.,

PENCERDD GWFFYN.

March 3rd, 1880.

## BERLIN.

(Correspondence.)

Herr V. E. Nessler's five-act opera, *Der Rattenfänger von Hameln* (*The Ratcatcher of Hameln*), was produced, for the first time, at the Royal Operahouse on the 21st ult. The libretto, founded on a well-known poem of J. Wolff's, is by F. Hofmann, who has done the best he could with a subject not very well adapted for the stage, because deficient in interest. The same subject served for the libretto of an opera, with the same title, brought out some forty-five years since at the old Königstädtisches Theater, with music by Franz Gläser, composer of the once popular opera, *Des Adlers Horst* (*The Eagle's Eyry*). The story deals with the Supernatural, the Ratcatcher being a sort of goblin, who varies his regular professional occupation by leading young girls astray and indulging in other bad habits. The score contains a great many songs, none of which, however, are anything very remarkable. The number of personages is large, and the cast includes Mad. Mallinger, Mdles Horina, Lammert, Herren Betz, Müller, Bollé, Salomon, Fricke, Krolop, and many others. The performance went off very well up to the end of the second act, when the composer was called on. After that, it is doubtful whether the applause was not intended rather for the singers, the scenery, and the *mise-en-scène* than for the work itself. Time will show.—A new Violoncello Concerto, by E. Hartmann, at present stopping in this capital, was well received at one of Bille's recent concerts. The executant was Herr Bast. At the same concerts there will shortly be performed some music to *Macbeth* by M. Dupuis, a prizeman of the Paris Conservatory.—Emil Sauret, the violinist, and Moritz Moszkowski, the pianist, lately gave a well attended concert at the Singacademie. The former gentleman performed A. Rubinstein's G major Concerto, Ernst's “Hungarian Fantasia,” and a “Sérénade Mélancolique” by Tschai-kowsky; the latter, among other pieces, Beethoven's Concerto in G major.

Siegfried Hans bon W - - - w. — "I do not believe in the feminine of the idea: Creator." (See Letter to the "Signale," page 154.)



PERRICOATS (screaming indiscriminately).—"Hojotoho! Hojotoho! Heiaha! Heiaha! Heiaha! Hahei! Hahei! Heihaho!"  
 ERDA PLEIHL (rising from the lower mists).—"Thou faithless Birnie-lifter! Where's Brünhilde?"



Joachim's Rival.



WILMA N—N—.—And I am then a creatress! Dear Hans! Don't hurt him, my doves—he is a darling.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,  
ST JAMES'S HALL.

TWENTY-SECOND SEASON, 1879-80.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

The Last Concert but Two of the Season.

THE THIRTY-FOURTH POPULAR CONCERT,  
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 8, 1880.

PART I.

SEXTET, in A major, Op. 48, for two violins, two violas, and two violoncellos (repeated by desire)—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERRINI, PEZZE, and PIATTI ... .. *Drorak.*

THREE MUSICAL SKETCHES ("The Lake," "The Millstream," and "The Fountain"), for pianoforte a'one—Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN ... .. *Sterndale Bennett.*

PART II.

SERBISCHES LIEDERSPIEL, Op. 32, for one and more voices, with pianoforte accompaniment—Vocalists: Miss LILLIAN BAILLEY, Miss HELEN ARMSTRONG, MM. SHAKESPEARE, and THORNDIKE. Pianoforte: Herr HENSCHEL ... .. *Henschel.*

SUITE, Op. 19, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (first time)—Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN, MM. JOACHIM, and PIATTI...*Agnes Zimmermann.*

The Last Concert but Two of the Season.

SIXTEENTH SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT.  
THIS DAY,

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 6, 1880.

QUARTET, in C major, Op. 59, No. 3 (dedicated to Count Razoumowski), for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI ... .. *Beethoven.*

RECIT. and AIR, "Lend me your aid"—Mr EDWARD LLOYD ... .. *Gounod.*

SONATA, in G minor, Op. 22, for pianoforte alone—Mlle JANOTHA ... .. *Schumann.*

ANDANTE ... .. *Viotti.*

CAPRICE, in E minor ... .. *Paganini.*

For violin, with pianoforte accompaniment—Herr JOACHIM. SONG, "Awake, awake"—Mr EDWARD LLOYD; violoncello obligato, Signor PIATTI ... .. *Piatti.*

WALTZES, Op. 73, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (first time)—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI ... .. *Kiel.*

Conductor—Mr ZERRINI.

DEATH.

On February 26th, Mr FREDERICK WILLIS, of Willis's Rooms, St. James's, in his 71st year.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1880.



Alfather Motan N—d M—r.—Siegfried runs wild. He has fcs of his half-aunts at a time. Nine in all? I wish I'd never gone so wood as to forage the woods. Oh! Erda!

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARTICLES IN TYPE.—*Philharmonic Concerts; Sacred Harmonic Society; Joachim's Air with Variations; Adelina Patti; Mr Henry Leslie and his Choir: Royal Albert Hall; Mr Mapleson in America, &c*  
 POLKAW.—Read *The Witnesses in Waiting* (M. W., Feb. 28). He that himself hath humour should appreciate humour in others.

\* \* \*

*I went beyond the midnight of deep thought*

*Into thine eyes,—*

*Eyes so unfathomable and so fraught*

*With spring-tide skies.*

*Skies where the clouds in the delirious hours*

*Come by slow sighs*

*Trailing, along the moon, just like dead flowers.*

*Or all bare blue, when the white world afar*

*Quite lonely lies*

*In great strange heavens, when here and there a star*

*Quivers and dies.*

*I watched beyond this midnight dark and deep*

*Til I fell sadly in the arms of sleep—*

*Before sunrise.*

Polkaw.



Wagner's Ethics brought to bear.

Producer and Reproducer—Creator and

Recreator—Curator and Procurator.

"Nam à capillorum radiæ ad verticem quantum est  
 nasi longitudo."—(Cardanus—*De Subtilitate*.)

## THE VIOLIN-FAIRY.\*

The country of optical is not that of acoustic fogs. The subjects of the house of Hanover on the other side of the Channel invariably enjoy during the bad season—if indeed we can speak of such a season as anything exceptional—a musically-blue sky such as the inhabitants of the art-loving Semitic metropolises of the continent can scarcely boast of possessing. True this Paradise is not so full of joys as it is of pianos. Nowhere does the "Pianoforte-Witch," from the green Miss of the Mendelssohn Concerto in G minor to the mature party of Brahms' in D minor, hold more locust-like and fearful sway than in London. Thanks, however, to the great number of concerts it is not impossible to get out of her way, without directing one's steps to those resorts which Hector Berlioz characterised so appropriately as "*les mauvais lieux de la musique*," namely: the operatic theatres. As a rule, the Pianoforte-Witch is unfortunately hard to avoid in that *sanctissimum Sanctæ Cecilie*, Arthur Chappell's famous Popular Concerts in St James's Hall, where on Saturday afternoons and Monday evenings the most precious treasures of classical and likewise of post-classical chamber-music are, as most persons know, revealed to a reverently attentive and enthusiastically grateful gathering of 2,000 listeners (of whom the half, in the gallery and on the platform, pay only a shilling each) and interpreted in a manner far above all praise. With the king of violoncellists, Alfredo Piatti, and the Grand-Dukes of the second violin and tenor, Messrs Ries and Zerbini, there is regularly associated during the last two months before Easter the Prince Consort of the Queen of Instruments, on whom, even without any suitable Versailles preparatory ceremonies, we may (as a sequel to the recent lavish distribution of honours) bestow the title of *Emperor*. Before, however, the illustrious Director of the High School makes his appearance, the first violin is played by someone else, namely by his—rival.

\* From the *Leipsic Signale*.

"Good Heavens! Has Joachim, then, a rival—can he possibly have one?" is the interrogation which I suddenly hear addressed to me through you, my respected editor.

Well—in Germany, during a quarter of a century I, like others, have never come across anybody who could be violently suspected of rivalry with him. There is scarcely a single one of his "colleagues" who can possibly dream of wearing the crown which the illustrious *ami de Brahms* has won. The great Nassauer, at present in the New World, plating his laurels with dollars, is, apart from his immeasurable artistic inferiority compared with Joachim, among the popular celebrities of the violin a personage endowed with far less individuality than, for instance, the fiery Pole or the fascinating Spaniard, who have found out, and still know, how to win by their "play" the ears and the hearts of the educated and the uneducated mass. In the younger generation, and more especially among his own pupils, in connection with whom nothing in the remotest degree like the good luck of his old master, Ferd. David, has down to the present date smiled on him, there is no one growing up to compete with Joachim for his pedestal. After a little Rode, Viotti, Spohr—or Bruch—Beethoven's two Romances, and, perhaps, Bruch's as well, Tartini's good-natured "Devil's Shake," and possibly half a Chaconne by Bach, have been filtered *over* rather than *into* them, the actual scholars are, as we know, dismissed at a most defective stage of general musical education with a certificate of maturity. The more they need recommendation, that is, the less they possess to recommend themselves, the warmer are the recommendations, apportioned with true Meyerbeerian generosity, which are stuffed into their coat-pockets. Intendants and chapel-directors, either from an easy way of doing business, or from indifference in matters in art, and not considering it an act of robbery sometimes to buy a pig in a poke, appoint violinists of this kind, who, as regards Beethoven's or Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, might go and learn of little Dengremont, as *Concertmeister* for life. This is a curse for chapel-master and orchestra. The former finds an insurmountable drag, where he expected an intelligent adjutant; the latter obtain a more or less welcome, but at any rate a most reliable demoraliser.

As I have hinted, however, where Joachim's rival is to be found, it is not necessary for me to add where we must at present seek that personage. The only rival of the Unrivalled One lives in England; that rival is a lady; and the name of that lady is

WILMA NORMAN-NERUDA.

I have christened her the Violin-Fairy, and I should have thus characterised her, even though her anti-type, the Pianoforte-Witch had not floated before my mind.

A man may be highly respected and a great favourite with the Shah of Persia, and yet King Cetewayo (speaking figuratively: where, by the way, does that sovereign not possess cousins?) may not have heard of the great pet of Teheran. I am prepared, when giving the earthly name of the Violin-Fairy, to encounter numerous looks of astonishment. Persons thoroughly up in the chronicles of music will recollect the sensation created some twenty years ago by a travelling child-wonder called Neruda, whom they subsequently forgot in company with others that have vanished, doing so, probably, in the belief, so often corroborated by fact, that wonderful children tread themselves down—as they do the shoes they wore at the wonderful period of their life. It is quite possible that Dengremont, the wonderful boy, may not turn out a wonderful youth, nor the wonderful youth, Sarasate, a wonderful man; there is, however, one thing which I can assert with unqualified certainty: the wonderful girl, Wilma Neruda, has become a wonderful woman, reigning in England as Sovereign of the Violin, by the grace of Apollo, and with the approbation of all who understand and all who love music.

To the writer of these lines, who had the honour and the happiness of playing with her four times last month, the Violin-Fairy has done so much mental good, that he must be on his guard not to fall into too suspiciously enthusiastic a tone. As you are aware, respected Sir and Editor, he had for some time been knocking about in not very musically-aristocratic society, in the "*mauvais lieux de la*

*musique*," to quote Hector Berlioz once again. Not so much tired of, as disgusted with, music—because I had been compelled to gulp down so much that was un-music—I went to London, partly to play back into English coin my lost salary as a Prussian chapel-master, and partly in the hope of seeing disagreeable impressions washed out by others more joyful and more pleasant. Thanks to the fair enchantress, this hope was fulfilled far more speedily and far more amply than I had ever dreamt it would be. During previous visits of mine to England the lady had filled me with the warmest sympathy and admiration—if I recollect aright, one of my ill-famed Letters of Travel in last year's series of the *Signale* bears witness to this—but never had her playing overpowered me with such electric force. "If I am not wrong," I said enquiringly of my highly-respected colleague, Mr Charles Hallé, "she really plays more finely than she did?" "No, you are not wrong," was the reply; "she really plays more finely not only every year, but every time she appears." Where is this to end?

To praise Mad. Neruda's technical skill would be as absurd as materialistic. Who talks about Joachim's mechanism? The mind, the soul, the life, the warmth, the nobleness, the style, the exquisite bloom of ideal individuality developed out of the closest identification with the work of art, and the most affectionate blending of self with the latter, the glorious resurrection of the subject as reward for devotion to the object—these are the things in which the secret of the enchantress's power over the hearts of those who hear her is to be sought. In these she is great and pure like Joachim; in these she is, like him, *unique*. This is the reason why we must allow her to possess what is more than "*talent hors ligne*," namely: *genius*, that is: *talent raised to the highest power*. And what variety, too! With regard to this particular, however, we will postpone the comparison with Joachim till the time, not, let us hope, too far distant, when Mad. Neruda, ceasing to be for us merely a legendary personage, will no longer disdain to reveal in Germany her "name and quality."

I just now employed the word "*genius*," and ought to justify myself in the eyes of those who reserve it for creative efforts, properly so termed. But the feminine of the notion strikes me as admissible; it strikes me that we may speak of *receptive genius*, whenever the latter rises and develops into reproduction. Let us give unto the ladies the things that are the ladies'; this is, it is true, sometimes less than they demand, but, thank Heaven, the reasonable and not the outrageous ones still constitute the majority among the "*potenzierte Kinder*" (as Goethe calls them). We may allow that the fair sex possess *reproductive genius*, just as we unconditionally deny that they possess *productive genius*. The rare exceptions in French and English literature, Georges Sand and Elliot, cannot constitute a precedent in music, such a precedent having hitherto not had absolutely a single pretext for its justification. There will never be a *compositress*, there can be only, at most, a *copyist* spoilt. My excellent fellow-pianist, Herr Alfred Jaell, must not be offended if, in conclusion, I describe, as bearing on this theme, my meeting him (some years since), because my account of the event has, like many other utterances of mine, which have undeservedly become winged, suffered all kinds of oral distortions.

Herr Jaell honoured me one day with a visit. As active in his fingers as, on account of a corpulent habit, he is heavy on the pedals, he was so out of breath when he came in that I laid the blame of his distressed condition on the heavy parcel of music (manuscripts of his wife's) with which he was loaded, rather than upon the third floor, where I lived. He entreated me most touchingly to devote my eyes and mind to the said compositions. This was my answer:

"The tidings I hear, but faith is wanting. I do not believe in the feminine of the notion: *Creator*. Furthermore, everything with a flavour of woman's emancipation about it is utterly hateful to me. I consider ladies who *compose* far more objectionable than those who would like to be elected *deputies*. The last is, to a certain degree, already a usual thing, since, for instance, Herr Lasker, and others like him, can be classed only as old women fond of wrangling. Let

me remain, therefore, for a time, unblest with the hallucinations of your better half. In return, I promise most solemnly that, on the *lendemain* of the day that you announce your (own) happy accouchement of a healthy baby, I will make the first serious attempt at converting myself to a belief in the vocation of the female sex for musical productivity. Till then, farewell!"

HANS VON BÜLOW.

Bayreuth, 15th February, 1880.

Every hair casts a shadow, though every shadow does not cast a hair. Why thus much from Bayreuth, where Wahnfried rears its roof? The Prophet is at Naples.—OTTO BEARD.]

THE DRAMATIC FINE ARTS GALLERY.—In a notice of the exceptional exhibition now to be witnessed in this gallery, the *Morning Post* says:—"Take away the excellent caricatures by Mr Charles Lyall, &c., &c., and we very much doubt, &c., &c." Further on, the same critic adds:—"The works of Mr Lyall and Mr Kendal are so good as to repay studious inspection. The grotesque little pictures by the former gentleman unite character with caricature, in a rare combination; while Mr Kendal's portraits of Mr Hare in *A quiet rubber*, and Mr Compton as *Touchstone* are admirable."

MR HENRY JARRETT has returned from Paris.

Mme Trebelli's *début* as Azucena (*Il Trovatore*) at the Adelina Patti operatic performances was eminently successful at the Paris Gaité.

Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein will preside at a public dinner, at Willis's Rooms, St James's, on Friday, the 7th May, in aid of the funds of the Hospital for Women, Soho Square.

MISS MINNIE HAUKE left London for Paris, *en route* for Naples, on Saturday evening. She returns early in April, for Mr Mapleson's regular Italian Opera season at Her Majesty's Theatre.

THE BACH CHORUS.—It is a pity that, after so much pains have been taken, this chorus of amateurs should be dispersed. An orchestra and a quartet of solo singers are easily enough found. Not so a chorus so diligently trained as the Bach chorus has been trained by Herr Otto Goldschmidt.

MISS AGNES ZIMMERMAN has returned from Germany. At the Popular Concert on Monday night she is to play (with Herr Joachim and Sig. Piatto) a *Suite* of her own, and for solo the three sketches entitled *The Lake*, *the Millstream*, and *the Fountain* composed by Sterndale Bennett and dedicated "to his friend, J. W. Davison."

THE MANCHESTER ORCHESTRA.—Mr Charles Hallé comes up from Manchester, with all the members of his celebrated "Manchester Orchestra," which has taken him more than twenty years to form, in order to give two concerts at St James's Hall on Tuesday next, morning and evening. Mr Hallé and his "merry men" will doubtless let the London public into a secret or two.

MME ALBANI.—In consequence of the always increasing success of Mme Albani at the Brussels Théâtre de la Monnaie, she was induced by the management to give some further representations. To-night she takes her leave, as Marguerite in *Faust*. Her other parts have been Lucia, Gilda, and Elsa. Admired in all, she perhaps created the deepest impression upon genuine connoisseurs by her impersonation of Wagner's poetical heroine, which took the Brussels opera-goers by surprise—at which London opera-goers, by the way, will feel no surprise whatever.

MISS COWEN's dramatic recital on Tuesday evening delighted an appreciative audience at the Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square, by a series of recitations, in which her dramatic expression was forcibly illustrated. The selections were from G. W. Holmes, R. Buchanan, Knight Summers, Austin Dobson, and Re Henry, with a poetic story, called *Nina*, written expressly for her by Mr Sidney H. Samuel. In each of these Miss Cowen gained enthusiastic applause, the full expression of humorous and pathetic passages seeming equally within her reach. Mr Frederic H. Cowen gave the advantage of his musical skill as conductor, and Miss Cowen received the able assistance of Miss Damian and Mr Walter Clifford as vocalists, who, in the "Three Fishers" and "A Friar of Orders Grey," especially contributed to the gratification of the audience.



## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

DR PAUL MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, second son of the great composer, died recently in Berlin, aged 39. Born at Leipsic, in 1841, he devoted himself, after a regular course of academical studies, to the science of chemistry, for which he had a great natural inclination. He was one of the partners in the colour manufactory of Mendelssohn & Martius, which carried on a large trade with China and Japan. Regarded as a high authority in matters of business, he was universally respected and beloved in private, and his early death is deeply regretted.

A *Nibelungen* Cylus, which began on the 1st inst., at Hamburg, is brought to a close to-morrow, the 6th inst., at the Stadt-theater. Herr Pollini has announced his intention of following it up by another series as yet attempted by no other manager: a Wagner Cylus, from *Rienzi* to *Die Gotterdammerung*, both included.

A SUPPLEMENT to the last number of the *Bayreuther Blätter* contains a pressing invitation to the members of the Bayreuth Patrons' Association and all other admirers of Wagner's music to arrange a meeting in Munich about Easter, in order to organise a systematic agitation for successfully carrying out the Bayreuth "enterprise."

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT AND THE LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Sir Julius Benedict has resigned the position of conductor at the concerts of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, which he has for so many years held with distinction. A "farewell concert" on a large scale is, however, to be given for his benefit at the Philharmonic Hall. Among other singers of note, Mme Albani will give her services.

DVORAK'S Slavonic sextet for stringed instruments, which was so well received on the occasion of its first performance at the Popular Concerts a fortnight since, is to be repeated, in compliance with a general wish, at the concert of this afternoon.

ANOTHER book about Mozart (*Mozart and his Contemporaries*) has been published by the indefatigable Herr Ludwig Nohl, at Leipsic, and yet another book about Chopin (*Chopin and his Works*), by Dr J. Schucht—also at Leipsic. How many more?

MME CHRISTINE NILSSON is once more in Paris. Her last representation at Madrid, for the benefit of the poor, realised over 10,000 francs. On taking leave of the King and Queen of Spain, the Swedish songstress received from the hands of the Queen a magnificent pearl set in diamonds, as a token of personal esteem and of the satisfaction Her Majesty had derived from her performances.

A performance—the first in America—of Hector Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust* was given, on the 14th February, in New York, by the Symphony Society. His "Symphonie Fantastique" was performed at the fifth Harvard Symphony Concert, Boston (U.S.), on the 12th February.

VERDI IN PARIS.—It is said that something like 300,000 francs will be expended in the getting up *Aida* at the Grand Opera. Verdi is everywhere fêted, and so gratified with his reception that, if report may be credited, he has promised the opera upon which he has been for some time engaged (on the subject of Shakspeare's *Othello*) for M. Vaucorbeil's Theatre. The first representations of *Aida* in French will be conducted by Verdi himself, the *chef d'orchestre*, M. Altès, having resigned the *bâton* into the hands of the celebrated Bussette composer.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN'S NEW OPERA.—Mr Gye has been to Hamburg to witness Herr Rubinstein's new opera, *Nero*—so much extolled by Dr Hans von Bülow, in a letter addressed to the editor of the *Hanover Zeitung*. There is, we understand, a fair chance of *Nero*'s being one of the attractions of the forthcoming Royal Italian Opera prospectus. Meanwhile the renowned composer-pianist himself, but lately giving concerts in Warsaw, has left for St Petersburg, to superintend the rehearsals of another new opera, *Kalaschnikoff*, which will be played in the national language at the National Russian Theatre. It is likely Herr Rubinstein may visit London during the season, but whether to play in public—as all amateurs of amazing virtuosity must hope—is not, we believe, decided on.

## CONCERTS.

ST DAVID'S DAY AT THE ALBERT HALL.—Mr Carter's Grand Welsh Festival, on Monday, the 1st inst., was celebrated on a very "leaky" night; but, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the Welsh mustered in considerable force, the large hall being well filled in its popular parts. Mme Edith Wynne, Miss Anna Williams, Miss Beata Francis, Miss Gertrude de Lille, Mme Osborne Williams, and Mme Patey were the lady vocalists; and Mr Edward Lloyd, Eos Morlais, Mr Redfern Hollins, and Mr James Sauvage, the gentlemen vocalists. Mr Edwin Bending presided at the organ. The choir gave a selection of popular choruses and part-songs. The programme might have been more appropriate to the occasion, but, judging from the frequent applause and encores, the audience seemed to be highly satisfied. Dan Godfrey and his admirable band contributed not a little to the success of the concert.

MR OTTO BOOTH had a "Violin Recital" at 13, Berners Street, on Saturday morning, February 28th, at which he showed himself a player of more than ordinary ability. The pieces selected for the occasion were Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, a *cavatina* by Raff, a "Duetto" by Leonard, Schumann's "Schlummerlied," "Spanish Dances" by Sarasate, and three of his own compositions, entitled "Song of the Brook," "Bauerntanz," and "Romance." Miss De Lille and Mr Fulkerson sang Braga's "Serenata," Gounod's "Worker," Otto Booth's "Fancies" (poetry by "Rita"), and Ascher's "Alice, where art thou?" The "recital" was thoroughly appreciated by an attentive audience.

MILLE VICTORIA DE BUNSEN'S "Musical Evening at Home" at the Russell Club, on February 21st, was attended by a large and distinguished audience. Sir and Lady Johnson, Lady Duff Gordon, Lady William Russell, Count Stenbock, Sir James Bain (late Lord Provost of Glasgow), General Connolly, Mrs Connolly, and daughter, Dr and Mrs Carfrae, Mrs Morgan Lloyd, Baron de Minerbi, Col. Gourley, M.P., Col. Ellis, Major Hicks, M.P., Major Goodenough, Major Wroot, Mr and Mrs Blyant Roche, Mme Arditi, Mrs Owen Lewis, &c., were present. Milde De Bunsen gratified her admirers with some of her genial Swedish melodies, which, as usual, were loudly applauded. Miss Felicia Bunsen and Miss Bessie Richards contributed solos on the pianoforte, Mr Oberthur adding one on the harp. Mr Frederick Penna, Signors Zoboli, Vergara, and De Lara also gave valuable aid. Signor Li Calsi and Mr Ganz were the accompanists.

THE Wickham Park Musical Society performed Mr Henry Gadsby's dramatic cantata, *The Lord of the Isles*, in the New Cross Public Hall, on Thursday evening, February 26th, before a large and appreciative audience. The singers were Miss Adela Vernon, Mrs Bradshawe McKay, Messrs. H. J. Bromley, J. Sauvage, A. Lloyd, and Gerard Coventry. The cantata (which improves at every fresh hearing) was well given under the able direction of Mr Eaton Fanning, of the Royal Academy of Music, the solo vocalists and chorus entering thoroughly into the spirit of the music. The accompaniments were played on the pianoforte, in musicianly style, by Mr R. Harvey Lohr, R.A.M.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—The opening concert of the fourteenth season took place at Langham Hall, on Wednesday, Feb. 25th. The first part of the programme, according to the society's rules, was devoted to vocal and instrumental compositions by Franz Schubert. It began with a grand Trio in B flat, for pianoforte (Herr Hause), violin (Herr Otto Booth), and violoncello (Herr Schubert). The other instrumental pieces were transcriptions for the violoncello of the "Ave Maria" and "Forelle," for the performance of which Herr Schubert obtained a well deserved encore. The songs included "The Erl King" (Signor Olmi), "My Resting Place" (Miss Jeannie Rosse), "Serenade" (Mme Liebhart; violoncello *obligato*, Herr Schubert), and a popular Lied (Miss E. Arthur). The second part commenced with a Trio by Ferdinand Hiller, until now unknown in this country; among other new compositions being a ballad by Herr Hause, "My bonny lass" (violoncello *obligato*, Herr Schubert), sung by Mme Liebhart, and much applauded; a Romance for violin, played by Mr Otto Booth, and two pianoforte pieces by Herr Hause—both interesting. Miss Louis made her debut in public, and was favourably received in Chopin's "Fantaisie Impromptu," while Signor Valcheri had to repeat the *cavatina* from *Faust*. Mme Annette Joanova contributed "I'm a merry Zingara," Miss Jeannie Rosse "Jamie," and Miss Arthur and Miss Jeannie Rosse a duet by Mendelssohn. The hall was filled by an unusually enthusiastic audience. The next *soirée* for the introduction of young artists is fixed for Wednesday, the 24th inst.

THE WEST LONDON ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY gave their annual evening concert at the Eyre Arms Assembly Rooms, St John's Wood, on Tuesday, March 2nd. The orchestra, consisting of sixty, led by

Mr R. W. Bussey, and conducted by Mr W. R. Cave, played a cleverly written overture (in C minor) by the conductor, Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony, some "Pageant Music" by Mr F. Farmer, and a waltz, "Pluie d'or," by Herr Waldeufel. They also accompanied Mr T. Heath in a fantasia for the cornet & pistons, on airs from *Torquato Tasso*, and Miss Florence Angle a promising young pianist, in a solo on themes from Bizet's *Carmen* (the orchestral parts by Mr W. R. Cave). Judging by their performances, the members of the orchestra must have practised diligently since last appearing in public. A "Scène Dramatique," for the flute, the clever and musicianlike composition of Mr B. Wells, was admirably played by Mr R. H. Tomkins, and accompanied on the pianoforte, in artistic style, by Miss Angle. Rode's Air in G, for the violin, was played with fluency and spirit by Mr H. Angle, junr. (pupil of Mr W. R. Cave). Among the vocal pieces the most successful was a song by Mr Cave, entitled "Brookside,"—so well given by Miss Elene Webster, that she was called forward three times to be newly applauded; Balfe's "Come into the garden, Maud," and Blumenthal's "My Queen," both sung by Mr G. Knight. The other singers were Mdme Soames, Messrs T. Williams, G. and A. Reekes, and B. St J. Hough, the last named giving Sullivan's "Thou'rt passing hence, my brother" with genuine expression.

#### PROVINCIAL.

LEE (KENT).—Mr H. K. Morley's annual concert was given in the Public Hall, on Thursday evening, January 15th. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, very few seats were vacant. The singers were Miss Mary Davies, the Misses Allitsen, Messrs Edward Lloyd and Santley. Dr Hans von Bülow, M. Jules Lasserre, Mr Henry Holmes, and Mr John Thomas were the instrumentalists. The concert began with Beethoven's Trio in D major (Op. 70. No. 1), admirably played by Dr von Bülow, Mr Holmes, and M. Lasserre. The solo pieces introduced by Dr Bülow were Schumann's "Carnaval," Chopin's Notturmo, Op. 9, No. 3, and Liszt's "Venezia e Napoli," all given in his most brilliant style. Mr John Thomas's solo was the sparkling "Danse des Fées," of Parish Alvars, which, since the death of its eminent composer, "Pencerdd Gwalia" has made his own. M. Lasserre played his charming "Fileuse," and Mr Henry Holmes Beethoven's Romance in G—both in a highly finished style. Mdme Patey, among other things, sang Roedel's "Gott mit dir" to perfection, the Misses Allitsen in "Dans les defiles" (Auber), and Miss Allitsen alone, in "A young wife's song," the composition of Mr Morley himself, obtaining and deserving warm recognition. Miss Mary Davies, in Sterndale Bennett's "May dew," Mr Edward Lloyd in Schubert's "Regret," and Mr Santley in "Oh! ruddier than the cherry," sang, it is superfluous to say how well. The concert terminated with a highly effective duet for harp and piano, by Mr John Thomas, on airs from Gounod's *Faust*, brilliantly executed by the composer and Mr Zerbin.—W. D. D.

STRAFORD.—On Thursday evening, February 26th, the Town Hall was filled by the patrons of the Winter Popular Concerts. The singers were Misses Lee, Fonblanque, Helen D'Alton, and Cecilia Fuller, Messrs George Olmi and Edward Lloyd. Mr Ganz was pianist, and Mr Oberthür harpist. The concert was attractive and several pieces were repeated, including Sullivan's "The Lost Chord," for which Miss D'Alton substituted "The Better Land" (Cowen); "When daisies pied," sung by Miss Fonblanque; and Sullivan's "Once again," by Mr Lloyd. The harp and pianoforte duets, on airs from *Oberon* and *Lucrezia Borgia*, the composition of Mr Oberthür, were well executed and much applauded.

#### ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The programme of the fortnightly meeting of professors and students on Saturday, February 28, is subjoined:—

Study, in F (posthumous), pianoforte (Mendelssohn)—Miss F. Holmes, pupil of Mr Kemp; Recit., "O let eternal honours," and Air, "From mighty kings," *Judas Maccabæus* (Handel)—(accompanist, Mr Morton)—Miss Rowe, pupil of Mr Shakespeare; Quartet, in A (MS.), for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello (Alice Borton, student), Miss Alice Borton, Messrs Max Schröter, Waud, and Hambleton, pupils of Professor Macfarren, Mr Wingham, Mr Sinton, and Mr Pett; Solo from an Anthem, "The Lord is King" (William Boyce)—(organ accompaniment, Mr C. T. Corke)—Mr W. H. Brereton, pupil of Mr Garcia; Etude Caractéristique, in E flat Op. 153, pianoforte (Carl W. Mayer)—Miss Macdonald, pupil of Sir Julius Benedict; Song (MS.), "I know it by thy song" (Amy Hare, student)—(accompanist, Miss Amy Hare)—Miss M. S. Jones, pupil of Mr Prout and Mr F. R. Cox; Andante, in F, organ (Henry Smart)—Mr Rowland Briant, pupil of Dr Steggall; Song (MS.),

"The Message" (R. Harvey Löhr, Potter exhibitioner)—(accompanist, Mr R. H. Löhr)—Mr Sidney Tower, pupil of Mr Prout and Mr Randegger; Variations and Fugue, in E flat, pianoforte (Beethoven)—Miss Willet, pupil of Mr W. G. Cusins; Song (MS.), "Oh! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom" (William Sewell, Novello scholar)—(accompanist, Mr W. Sewell)—Miss Florence Norman, pupil of Professor Macfarren and Mr F. R. Cox; Adagio and Rondo—Allegretto, from Concerto in D minor, No. 9, Op. 53, violin (Louis Spohr)—(accompanist, Mr R. H. Löhr)—Mr A. Payne, pupil of Mr H. Weist Hill; Recitative, "Oh, Patria," and Scena, "Tu che accendi," *Tancredi* (Rossini)—(accompanist, Miss Dinah Shapley)—Miss Frances Coeni, pupil of Mr Fiori; Song (MS.), "The autumn sun is wooing night" (George John Bennett, Balfe scholar)—(accompanist, Mr G. J. Bennett)—Mr B. Davies, pupil of Professor Macfarren and Mr Fiori; Novellette, in F, Op. 21, No. 1, pianoforte (Schumann)—Miss Obbard, pupil of Mr F. Westlake.

—o—

#### MR WALTER MACFARREN'S NEW SYMPHONY.

The *Sussex Daily News* speaks of Mr W. C. Macfarren's Symphony in B flat, produced at Mr Kuhe's Brighton Festival on the evening of February 24th, in the subjoined eulogistic terms:—

"One of the prominent features in the concert was the performance by the orchestra of Walter Macfarren's Symphony in B flat (MS.), composed expressly for the festival, and conducted by the composer. The talented professor of the Royal Academy has on previous occasions shown his great ability in orchestral writing, several of his latest works having been produced for the first time at Mr Kuhe's Festival. The symphony performed yesterday evening enhanced the popularity of the composer, and its hearty reception by the audience must be chronicled as one of the greatest successes of the present festival. Opening with a pleasing introduction, the composition is worked out in the orthodox style. Each movement was warmly applauded; the slow movement was pleasing and effective, replete with melodious beauties, which were finely interpreted by the orchestra. The short but brightly-written scherzo led to a brilliant finale, which again revealed the powers of the composer over the difficulties of orchestration in a work of such magnitude. Although the symphony took nearly half an hour in its interpretation, the audience did not appear to tire, and, at its conclusion, the composer was rewarded by prolonged and hearty applause of a most enthusiastic character, compelling him to return and acknowledge the well-deserved plaudits awarded to the performance of his work."

#### BIRD OF THE OCEAN.\*

On the swelling deep when the storm is loud, And the crest of the wave is dark, What form, so beautiful and proud, Floats over our sea-toss'd bark? 'Tis the sea-bird—sea-bird lone and wild— The mariner's tempest friend, Who watches at night o'er his slum- ber mild, Till that slumber in death shall end.	Oh! many a bright and noble one Lies hid in those caves beneath, While the mother weeps for her absent son, Whom the depths of the sea en- wreath; [bring, And none of his fate can a record But the beautiful bird so free, Who spreads his white, unspotted wing O'er his grave in the lonely sea.
-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

Bird of the ocean, alone—alone—  
Thou wingest thy wayward flight;  
The lofty ship and her crew are gone,  
And the morning again is bright.  
Float on with glad and unfeeling wing!  
Sport over the glowing wave;  
But in night's dark shadow a requiem sing  
On the mariner's lonely grave.

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WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

AMONG the artists already engaged for the National Eisteddfod of Wales, to be held this year at Carnarvon, are Miss Mary Davies, Mdme Patey, Misses Maggie J. Jones, Lizzie Evans, Jennie A. Williams, "Eos Morlais," Messrs Ben. Davies, Foli, Lucas Williams, James, and Sauvage. Dr Stainer (organist of St Paul's) and Mr John Thomas (Her Majesty's harpist) will give their valuable aid, as also "Idris Vychan," Messrs R. S. Hughes, J. H. Roberts (Pencerdd Gwynedd), J. H. Williams, &c. The committee are in treaty with other well-known artists.

## MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MR. EDITOR.—We are promised an excellent concert at the Theatre for the day after to-morrow. I have been able, through the hospitality of Mr R. Andrews, to get a look at the programme, which I take the liberty to transmit (together with these lines), at your kind expense, by special pigeon. The Duke is at Salford. The barrel of oysters to hand and green tea, for which thanks.

O. P. S.

## THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.

Thursday, June 16, 1825.

MESSRS WARD &amp; ANDREWS

Have great pleasure in announcing that they have succeeded (at a great expense) in engaging

MASTER LISZT,

Now only Twelve Years old,

Who is allowed by all those that have witnessed his astonishing talents to be the greatest Performer of the present day on the Pianoforte.

The Concert will commence with the highly celebrated

"OVERTURE TO DER FREISCHUTZ,"

Composed by C. M. Weber,

Which received the most decided marks of approbation at Mr Hughes's Concert on Monday Evening last.

Recitative and Song—"The Eagle o'er the Victor's head"

—Mr Roylance ..... Rook.

Duet—"Gay being born"—Messrs Broadhurst and Isher-

wood ..... Dale.

Song—"Una voce poco fa"—Miss Symonds ..... Rossini.

Air, with Grand Variations and Orchestral Accompaniments.

"Reichardt Valse," composed by Czerny, will be

performed by

MASTER LISZT,

On Erard's New Patent Grand Pianoforte of 7 octaves.

Ballad—"My aine kind Dearie O!"—Mr Broadhurst.

Round—"Yes, 'tis the Indian Drum"—Miss Symonds,

Messrs Roylance, Bennett, and Isherwood ..... Bishop.

Grand Concerto (A minor), with Orchestral Accompaniments, com-

posed by Hummel, will be performed on Erard's New Patent

Grand Pianoforte by

MASTER LISZT.

## PART SECOND.

MASTER BANKS,

Only Nine Years old (Pupil of Messrs Ward and Andrews),

Will have the honour of making his first appearance before the

Manchester Public, and lead, on the Violin, the

favourite

"OVERTURE TO LODOISKA,"

Composed by Kreutzer.

Song—"The Spring with smiling face"—Mr Isherwood ..... Shield.

Duet—"When thy Bosom"—Miss Symonds and Mr Broad-

hurst ..... Braham.

An Extempore Fantasia on the Grand Pianoforte by

MASTER LISZT,

Who will respectfully request a written Thema from any person

present.

Song—"A Compir"—Violin Obligato, Mr Cudmore—

Miss Symonds ..... Guglielmi.

Scotch Ballad ..... "John Anderson my Jo" ..... Mr Broadhurst.

Glee—"Mynheer Vandunck"—Messrs Bennett, Roy-

lance, and Isherwood ..... Bishop.

Leader ..... Mr CUDMORE.

Principal Second Violin ..... Mr. A. WARD.

Mr. R. ANDREWS will preside at the Grand Pianoforte.

[The above has been delayed in transmission. A general opinion seems to obtain that Master Liszt is a prodigy. Carl Czerny, on the contrary, maintains that Hungary swarms with such, and that in Hungary (especially at Raiding) not to be a prodigy is to be a prodigy. Master Liszt has learnt counterpoint with Randhartigson the Skelde (not to be confounded with Randegger the Skalde), and can already put note against note. He has the "Future" before him, provided he be not annihilated by a wheelright, swallowed by a Krake, or drive seven horses abreast, like Osiris on the prediluvian medallion.—OLIM.]

The Madrid papers speak well of Mad. Scalchi as Orsini in *Lucrezia Borgia*.

## WAIIFS.

Bizet's *Carmen* is an immense success in Hanover.

The Stadttheater, Rostock, has been burnt to the ground.

Mad. Marie Wilt is singing at the National-Theater, Pesh.

A theatre is being built in Tiflis at a cost of 500,000 roubles.

Mad. Artôt and Señor Padilla have gone to Berlin to sing at the Court Concerts.

Herr G. zu Putlitz has resigned the Intendancy of the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Carlsruhe.

Suppé's new buffo opera, *Juanita*, has been well received at the Carltheater, Vienna.

Sig. Ponchielli's *Gioconda*, partly re-written, has been again successful at the Scala, Milan.

A buffo opera, *Midas*, author and composer not known, has proved a failure at St Quentin.

A new and unpublished String Quartet by Bernhard Scholz has been played in Breslau.

Sig. Scuderi, who resides in London, has written an opera entitled *Il Magnetismo*.

Ulisse Corticelli, chapelmaster of the Cathedral, Perugia, died in that town a short time since.

Herr Nachbaur is engaged for a series of performances at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

Stephen Heller has had the misfortune to lose his sister, who died on the 24th February, at Pesh.

After the present season, the Stadttheater, Stettin, will pass under the management of Herr Schirmer.

The rehearsals of Riedel's opera, *Der Ritterschlag*, have commenced at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

Under the title of *The Royal Middy*, an English version of Suppé's *Seccadet* has been produced in New York.

A new buffo opera, *L'Orfanella di Gand*, by Sig. Buzzino, army bandmaster, is announced at the Teatro Aliprandi, Modena.

The King of Sweden has conferred the Gold Medal "Literis et Artibus," with the Crown, on Herr Carl Warmuth, bookseller of Christiana.

*Elda*, a four-act "fantastic opera," the first dramatic essay of its composer, Sig. Alfredo Catalani, has been produced at the Teatro Regio, Turin.

Mad. Sachse-Hofmeister, after seceding from the Theatre Royal, Dresden, has just concluded a short engagement at the Stadttheater, Frankfurt-on-the-Maine.

Mad. Friedrich Materna (Wagner's Brünnhilde) of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, has been received with enthusiasm at the Theatre Royal, Dresden.

In commemoration of the 25th anniversary of the Czar's accession, a People's Theatre is to be erected in St Petersburg. It will be completed within three years.

The Emperor Wilhelm has bestowed the Order of the Cross, 4th class, on Herr Johann Urbaneck, conductor at the Victoria Theatre, Berlin, on the occasion of his 50th professional anniversary.

Dr O. Bach, Director of the Salzburg Mozarteum, has been appointed Chapelmaster of the Votive Church, Vienna, and enters on his duties on the 1st April. (Ominous day!—Dr BLIDGE.)

At the meeting of the Liverpool Town Council on Wednesday it was decided that the police band should be allowed to play in St George's Hall one evening a week, as an experiment, for a month, 1d. each to be charged for admission.

Mad. Beretta von Stepanoff, a Russian pianist, pupil of M. Leschetitzky, has been playing at Vienna and Dresden, creating in both capitals a highly favourable impression. (She comes to London with Mad. Essipoff in the spring.—Dr BLIDGE.)

"Alas! my brethren," said a popular New York preacher in a moment of philosophic abstraction, "how seldom it is that a man is not oftener—I mean: how often it is seldom that a man—that you rarely find a man is seldom better than his neighbours."

M<sup>ME</sup> ALBANI.—"L'Albani est venue, elle a chanté Lucie et elle a remporté un grand succès. Il lui a fallu, pour conquérir le public bruxellois, moins de temps qu'à César pour conquérir les Gaules,—et pourtant la conquête n'était pas plus facile."—*Gazette de Bruxelles*.

Mr Henry W. Goodban, we regret to say, met with a severe accident in Bond Street on Monday night. He was run over by a Hansom cab while crossing Brook Street. Luckily, he escaped without broken bones, but not without contusions on various parts of his body and a severe strain of the muscles of his back. He is necessarily confined to his bed, but it is hoped only for a short period.



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7. "—"	—	8. "ARGUMENT" ...	3 6
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11. "BELOVED" ...	3 0	12. "—"	—
13. "—"	—	14. "—"	—
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17. "—"	—	18. "ADMIRATION" ...	3 6
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